

# Remembrance Of A Night Raid, England

Her house the bomb struck fairly, left no stone  
Upon another; down the sleeping block  
Stormed the great blast, and if the walls of  
rock  
Rolled in the dust, what of frail flesh alone?  
Mae told me, with a smile, how fascists wage  
Their war, and her quite simple bedtime tale  
Of husbandly common sense that did not fail  
When ladies lost their heads, I heard with rage.  
By glare from detonations, licking flames,  
They dragged out bodies, swung by hands and  
feet,  
To pile them high like cordwood in the street,  
And then the question rose: How give them names?  
A headless wife, Mae laughs, no problem brings:  
The husband tags her by her underthings.

(Liverpool)

-- John Ackerson

Fair Lawn, New Jersey

## The Airport, The Railroad Station

The airport, the railroad station,  
the public places where I have been,  
burn in a cold light.

Go there only to meet  
arriving strangers,  
or to be carried  
away by engines.

Don't hang around.

— Eric Pfeiffer

Rochester, New York